

NUMBER 306

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Extraordinary ladies on visual display today





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When Jill Kassidy said she had something special to show us, we knew we had to see for ourselves. She was already in her sexiest lingerie and laid up on a fur blanket when we arrived. We got to see her lovely body move into positions both sensual and erotic. We learned a lot from her and got some great photos from our time together.

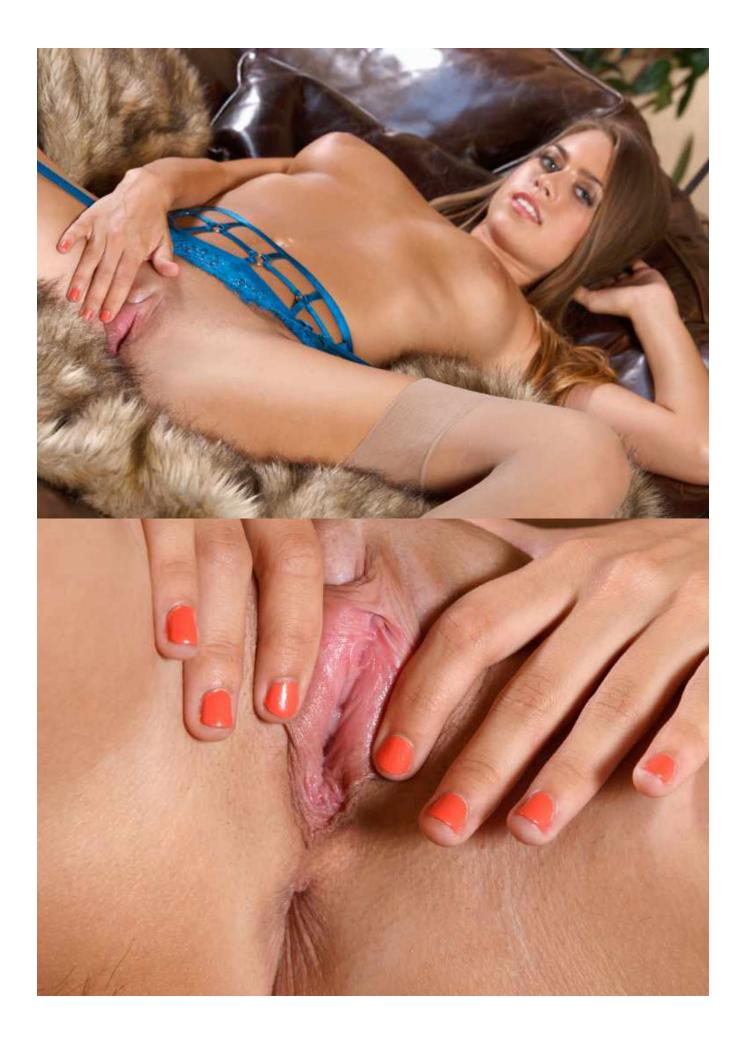




































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Danielle has been suffering from a bad case of maxed out libido for days now. After a healthy mix of teasing and begging, her man is finally giving her some well earned dessert. Finally able to get some, Danielle goes all out. She grabs her toys and gets oiled up. He's got the anal beads to throw into the mix, making sure every hole gets filled.













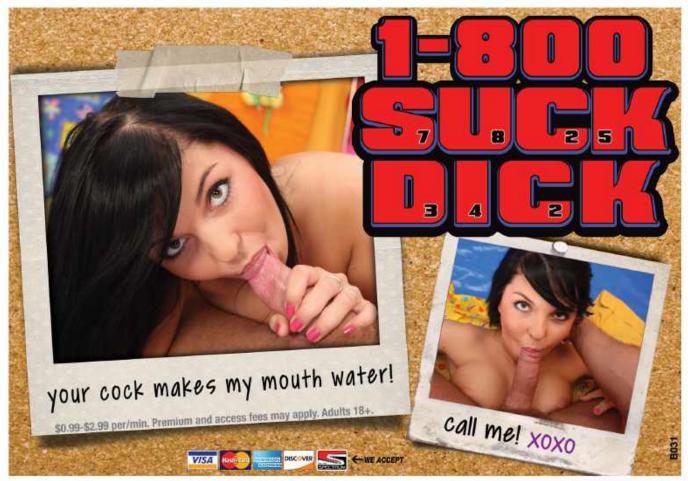
























Taking honoring a Vietnam vet to new heights

When Dan and I are in bed together, he's as wonderful a lover as he is at anything he tries. We fuck for hours on end, him only coming when I want him to. In public people often look at us with puzzlement: I am 32, 5'10", striking figure and blonde hair. Dan is 35, ruggedly good looking and muscular, a Vietnam veteran who carries an air of experience, and he is in a wheelchair.

Up until I got to know Dan, like most non-handicapped people, I felt uncomfortable being around anyone with a physical handicap. Dan lived in my apartment building, but though I saw him around, I tried not to meet him, if you know what I mean. I knew I'd not know what to say or how to act.

I had returned from shopping one Saturday and was on my way across the parking lot when I saw Dan outside his van, looking slightly perturbed. I couldn't avoid him as I had to walk by him to get to my apartment. So, I took the plunge.

"Excuse me. My name is Susan and I live in the complex. I couldn't help but notice..."—I was feeling awkward now—"do you need help?"

His smile took me off guard and made me feel at ease. "Well, Susan, as a matter of fact, I could use your help. The lift on my van is on the side and, as you can see, the owner of this car has parked so close I can't lower the lift to get inside. Think you could back it out for me? "The van had hand-operated controls, but I backed it out with no problem and Dan was able to get in.

A few hours later, as I was getting ready for a date, the doorbell rang. Clad in my favorite old robe and with a towel wrapped around my hair, I opened the door to find Dan. "Hello, Susan," he smiled that disarming smile again. "I wanted to thank you again for your help earlier today. Most able-bodied people don't realize why handi-

capped parking spaces are so wide." He seemed more at ease with his handicap than I was.

"Anyway," he continued, "I brought this bottle of wine as a thank you gift. I see you're getting ready to go out, so thanks again. Good night!" And with that he wheeled down the hall and was gone.

My date that evening was rather dull, unimaginative and I feigned a headache to get home early. At my door I had to practically fight off his attempts to get inside de. Like most of my dates in the four years since my divorce, this guy had his brains between his legs. At last he gave up and left. I went into the kitchen to fix a drink and spotted the bottle of wine Dan had given me.

I got to thinking. I really didn't feel like spending the evening alone. It was still early and I thought of Dan and I found that I wanted to get to know him better. So I picked up the bottle and headed to Dan's apartment, hoping he was there, awake and in the mood for company.

Dan's face registered his surprise at seeing me. "I wanted to share this bottle with you, Dan," I said.

He invited me inside and we easily fell into conversation. Dan told me of his time in Vietnam, the shrapnel which left him some sensory feeling but no motor functions in his legs. I told him of my marriage and divorce. He told me about learning to cope with his handicap; I told him the woes of being a divorcee. We talked of careers, ambitions, favorite movies, and dreams, just everything. The bottle of wine was long emptied before I yawned and realized the time.

"Susan, I can't tell you how glad I am you came by," he said as I rose to leave. "It's been too long since I spent such an enjoyable evening. We'll have to do it again soon."

I echoed his pleasure, honestly having enjoyed my-



self. At the door I felt awkward, wanting to kiss him but wondering how he'd interpret it. Finally, thinking 'What the hell,' I bent down and gave him a good night kiss then went back to my apartment feeling happier than I had in years.

I spent a lot of time thinking about Dan over the next few days. I found him attractive, pleasant self-confident, humorous ...in short, I liked him and he turned me on. But his handicap kept looming as an objection. Yet the more I thought about it, the more I realized that it was the wheelchair that bothered me. And I realized that the wheelchair bothered me, and others, because it reminded me of my own fragility.

So on Wednesday I called Dan to ask him to my place for dinner, an offer he happily accepted. On Friday evening he arrived at my apartment and we had a delightful dinner and followed it up with wine as we listened to music. It was then, while I had a glassful of wine that I tripped.



I've asked myself if it was somehow my sub conscious caused my spill. At any rate, I fell into Dan's arms, spilling wine all over both of us. Dan's arms held me firmly but lightly. His lips were only inches away, his face expressing concern, not pleasure at having me in his clutches. I was at ease, attracted to him and, well I closed my eyes and kissed him. My tongue pried his lips apart and found his warm, sweet-tasting tongue. Dan's arms held me close as we kissed, deeply and with a growing passion.

I felt something else growing. Beneath my ass, Dan's cock was stirring, filling with blood. I was arousing him just as he was arousing me. I slowly broke the kiss and looked into his eyes. "Will you come to bed with me?" I asked, the first time I'd ever asked a ma, n to bed. "I want you," I added, kissing him again. I rose and led the way to my bedroom, dropping my dress as I walked by. By the time I sat on the edge of the bed, I was wearing only my

jewelry. Dan lifted my legs, kissing my ankles, then slowly kissing up ward, alternating legs as he kissed my calves, the sensitive areas behind my knees, inside my thighs. My feet were hooked on the back of his chair as his mouth zeroed in on my wetness.

I really can't describe how I felt, Oh, I've been eaten before, but never with the loving attention had Dan given me. It was as if his total concern was for my pleasure alone, His fingers caressed my thighs, his tongue and lips worked ex pertly on my clit. I could hear him swallow my juices as they poured from my pussy. Even his warm breath teased my pubic hairs as each exhalation sent a thrill from my thatch to my pussy.

His tongue and mouth brought me to a powerful orgasm, one that had me flailing my hips and grinding my snatch into his mouth. I was grunting and whimpering and gasping as I came, flooding his mouth with my juice. And Dan kept loving me, bringing me off a second time, and a third. God, I loved it! Dan drew his face from my fork

and I saw that his lips shone with my flow. His tongue licked my juice from his lips and I pulled myself up and managed to kiss him, tasting myself in the process.

Hastily I unbuttoned Dan's shirt and undid his pants. As he easily transferred to the bed, I pulled his pants and shorts down, letting his hard-on spring with a sharp snap against his belly, a good seven inches of hard, male flesh jutting from his dark brown curls. I wanted to please him as he had pleased me.

I cupped his orange-sized scrotum, feeling his balls move inside. Lowering my head, I tongued his sac, feeling the wrinkles and hairs and the warmth, tasting his crotch and smelling the musky scent. I licked my way slowly to the head of his cock, letting my lips suckle at the wide crown. He tasted delicious. I wanted more. I let his cock slide into my mouth, my tongue cradling it as it entered. So good. When my lips crushed his pubic

curls, my tongue managed to lap at his sac. I could feel a stream of warm pre cum leak from his cockhead and ooze slowly down my throat.

I lifted my head, my tongue vibrating against his prick as it slid from my mouth. Dan was gasping, moaning at the sensations I was giving him.

"Susan," he said to me as I held half his meat in my mouth, "you'll have to massage my prostate to make me come. Nerve damage.

I realized in an instant what that meant. I could prolong the plea sure for both of us. I let his wet prong out of my mouth and straddled him. I held onto his shoulders as Dan held his cock and I lowered my pussy. First, the head entered my folds, then the wide part of the shaft. Slowly more and more of him slithered up my pussy till I sat astride his hips, his sword sheathed in my cunt.

"God, Dan, you feel so good inside me," I said to him







as I truly felt filled.

"You feel good, too, Susan. Tight. Hot. Wet." So saying, Dan grabbed my ass cheeks and easily lifted me until only the bulbous head was inside my cunt, leaving me empty and wanting. He let me go, encunting his dick quickly, driving the air from my lungs. I leaned forward, offering my rigid nipples to his lips. He sucked as he fucked, raising me and lowering me on his pole, bringing me again to a tingling orgasm. With his cock in my cunt and my breasts being so well-loved, I knew what I wanted and what I had to do.

Rising from his lap, I spread his legs wide and crawled between them. His stiff cock waved his pulse beat, coated by my shining, milky-white secretions. My nostrils flared at

the pungent scent and taste as I once again took Dan deeply into my hungry mouth. His balls were drawn up tightly in his sac, needing release.

"Please, Susan," Dan whispered, "I have to come." Dan's asshole already had an abundance of my pussy fluid that had dribbled down, enough so that my finger easily squirmed into his tight rectum. My finger explored the buttery insides of his bowels until it found the telltale bulge I knew was his prostate. I pushed it, rubbed against it, and massaged it, feeling the vibrations even on my tongue that told me he was building to a release.

I felt the muscles contract, and his prick swelled in my mouth as his semen rocketed up and out, bathing my mouth with his thick, syrupy spunk. With each spasm, another wad launched itself from his depths, his cock shooting cream into my mouth like a hose. I could hear Dan groan and I myself

snorted as I tried to make room in my mouth for his load. As it was, I had to swallow some even before he finished coming, his jism sliding like molasses down my throat.

I slowly and carefully let his cock ease from my mouth, not wanting to spill a drop of his love cream. I swished the load around my mouth, relishing its taste, its texture, and its funky nastiness that I loved. I swallowed with a satisfied smile, as Dan looked at me with delight and appreciation in his eyes. I kissed his cockhead clean of the last residue of his climax, then left a trail of kisses up his sweaty stomach, over his heaving chest until I reached his warm mouth.

Our tongues danced as he tasted himself and we embraced. We drifted to sleep, Dan's semi-erect cock nesting between my thighs. When we awoke a short time later, I suggested a bath, and then expressed concern as to whether Dan could get in my tub. "I may need a little help," he said, "but don't worry. I won't break." Soon the two of us were playfully soaping one another. Dan soaped my tits, delighting in how he could make a squeaky sound as he rubbed them together. I lathered his cock and balls and managed to bring him to another rousing erection.

I even managed to get his cock halfway into my ass right there in the tub (though I've since been able to accommodate him up my behind quite easily).

Needless to say, we spent the entire weekend exploring each other, sexually, mentally, spirit ally. Two weeks later we moved in together into a larger apartment that was adapted for Dan's wheelchair.

I have seen the unspoken questions on the faces of friends and strangers alike. But I know they are looking at the wheelchair and not Dan. So many prejudices and myths exist about the disabled, especially when it comes to their sexuality. Through Dan I have met others; men and women, who lead active sexual lives.

For instance, Sheila is married to Robert who was in a



car accident a few years ago that left him paralyzed from the waist down. Sheila frankly told me how they struggled to adjust to his disability and how they adapted to his sexual limitations.

"Robert would perform oral sex on me with little enthusiasm before his accident," Sheila confided. "But since he no longer has any feeling in his penis, his entire sexuality was changed. He became totally dedicated to satisfying me. He gets off by making me come until I'm exhausted. He uses dildos, vibrators, his fingers to fuck me, but his mouth is what really gets me off. He's the best pussyeater in the world."

And that seems to be generally true. People whose disability makes regular lovemaking difficult usually concentrate on improving their skills at other forms of sexual pleasure. They also seem more considerate and more determined to give their partner pleasure.

Dan and I are married now. He is a far better lover than any "normal" man I've ever had. We fuck and suck each other daily, lavishing one another with sensual delight. I am lucky to have found him.



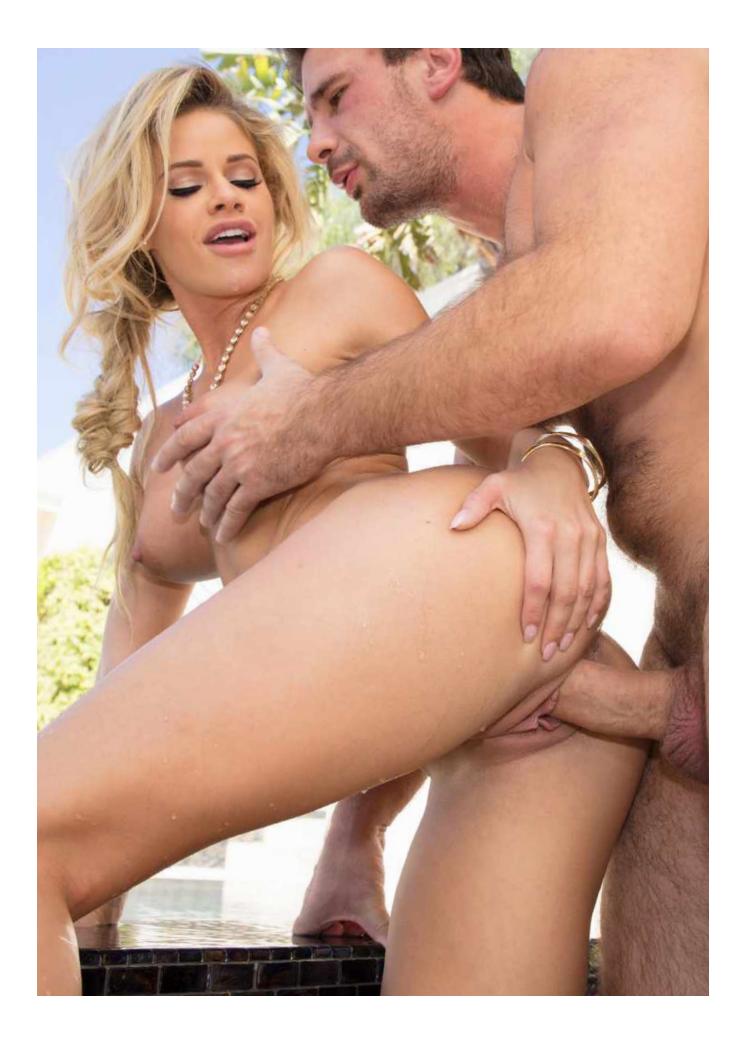
Jessa's enjoying a day of sunbathing by the pool. She didn't realize she had fallen asleep till waking up with a hard cock in her face. It didn't take her long to make the most of the situation. She started sucking and fucking before letting that big cock into her wet pussy and adorably tight asshole. Hope there's some of that pussy left for us.





















































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Sky is a simple girl with very simple needs, getting fucked raw and covered in cum included. Any time, any place any position, she wants it no matter what, that's her motto. With a body like hers, it doesn't take much to get the pants off of any man and his cock standing at attention looking for her attention. No matter what, she's got ours.





























LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

TITS CRAZY

During my teen years, the size of my breasts was a constant worry. They never grew any bigger than small lemons. Then I met Tom.

The first time he saw them, he commented on the size of the nipples. When I'm aroused, they are like bullets. They grow to about a quarter of an inch. The sight of them perched atop my large pink areola had my sweet man ready to come in his pants.

I've been going with him for over two years now and he can't get enough of my boobies. Because they are so small, I never wear a bra. Until I met Tom, it seemed like no one ever noticed. Anytime we are together for more than five minutes, Tom will find a way to get his hands under my blouse for at least a quick feel.

He's made me so aware of them that sometimes just the touch of his mouth on them is enough to make me shiver. Once or twice I've even had an orgasm that way.

Because they excite him so, I am constantly thinking of ways to use them to turn him on. Like last week, we were alone in the elevator. Without warning, I lifted my blouse and exposed my tiny tits to him. Without the least worry that the door might open any second, he gave each one a quick suck. It all happened in less than thirty seconds. But by the time we reached our floor, the crotch of my panties was soaked with my juice.

But, the most exciting experience to date happened by accident. We were into some pretty heavy petting on the sofa. He stood in front of me while I sat on the couch since I wanted to suck his dick. He was more excited than usual and when he was about to come, he pulled out of my mouth trying to hold off and make it last. He failed and with a loud grunt, began shooting his hot cream against my face.

"My tits," I moaned out of pure inspiration. "Come on my tits!"

He pointed his spurting cock at my excited nipple. When the first wad of his steaming seed splattered against my tit, I exploded. Each spurt of cum set off a bigger and stronger wave of pleasure between my legs.

I wonder if any of your readers have had similar experiences. If so, Tom and I would love to read about them.

- T.H., Phoenix, Ariz.

COMPANY PICNIC

I just had to write because I fucked my first twenty-year old last night. I was at our company picnic that was being held at a large local park. The weather was nice and there was a huge turnout. I had only been working at the company for a year since my transfer from Louisville, so many faces were new to me.



One of them was this hottie named Leslie. She was sitting at one of the picnic tables eating some potato salad and there was an open seat next to her so I asked if I could sit. The table had another six people sitting and the noise level was quite loud. I introduced myself to the people around me and to Leslie. She said hello and little else for several minutes.

I tried to get a conversation going with some short questions, where













did she work, how long, did she like it. Her answers were short but very polite. She also asked about me and I told her. After a half hour or so, the table cleared and Leslie and I were the only ones left. I asked if I could sit opposite her and continue our conversation. She said fine and we talked away the afternoon. I found her fun, vibrant, full of things to say about the company, some good some bad. And married.

Turns out she was a departmental manager with twenty staffers under her. I told her I was in marketing and hoped to stay a long time. As the day wore down we went on our own ways but at the end of the day as we all gathered for a little pep rally from the bosses, she came up and stood beside me. We said 'Hi." again, and she asked if I wanted to get a drink after the picnic. "Just the two of us?" I asked. "Just us." she replied.

30 years old and she looks great. Truth to be told she is really hot. Later we met at a local bar/restaurant and had dinner and drinks. We laughed throughout it and I became more and more infatuated with her. Her eyes were mesmerizing and her body was killer.

As the night wore down the conversation got hotter and more suggestive. She said her husband had moved out a month ago to be with another man and she hadn't quite recovered from the shock. Suddenly, she asked if I would come home with her and after initially refusing, I thought better and said 'yes.'

We went to her home and it was very nice, like an interior designer had worked on it. We wasted little time getting it on. The dinner conversation and a few extra drinks made us ready for this. She went to her bathroom to get comfortable and she told me to strip down and sit on the bed. I covered myself quickly with a pillow. My cock was

very hard and I was a little embarrassed. She came out of the bathroom, naked. Wow, did she look good, but before I could get a better look, she came over, flung the pillow off me and took my dick in her hand, bent down, looked at it hungrily, and licked the tip of it.

As the head of my dick disappeared into her mouth, she surrounded it with her warm lips. As soon as she began to suck on my cock all the

nervousness just fell away. Turns out she was a really good cocksucker. She slid her hand under my balls and gently began massaging them back and forth as she sucked on me.

I stopped her and sat up. I then moved on top of her, skin to skin. She opened her legs and I got between them. Her nipples were nice and very hard and, as my cock nudged her pussy, I could feel she was bare and smooth down there. I kissed her lips and then kissed and licked my way down her neck and chest to her hard nipples. I took each one, in turn, into my mouth as I licked, nibbled, chewed, bit and sucked on them as hard as she could take it. All this time she was squirming below me and my dick was knocking on her love hole.

She moaned out loud pushing my head south and on to her now soaking pussy. I kissed and licked my way down to that lovely pussy of hers. As I slid my hand over her wet pussy, she thrust her pussy at it. She was like a wanton woman by the time I got two fingers deep inside her. I strummed her clit with the fingers of my other hand. Soon she was right at the edge of no return and begged for me to suck on her clit and make

her cum, which I obligingly did.

Thankfully the next day was the fourth and we stayed in bed all day, fucking another two or three times before I had to go home. At work We would see each other passing in hallways and always smiled. It's two months later and while we haven't reunited, I'm sure we will. Or not.

- Daniel, Philadelphia, Penn



A JIZZ-CAPADE

As Jennifer and I had not seen each for awhile, I decided call her up to maybe just see her or even jump in bed together. Just see what comes up next. I got her on a Saturday before noon. She said she was busy that day, but if I wanted to meet her, she told me I could pick her up outside her friend's house and drive her home that evening.







We decided that I was to pick her up around seven. I drove up with my car and did not see her outside were we decided meet. So I took a turn and came back ten minutes later and saw her step out of the door from the house.

'Hi.' she said, and kissed me and said thanks for picking her up. She told me that it was fun to see all her old friends, but there was a guy there that showed up and she did not want be there when he's there. So that's why I appreciate you coming to pick me up.

We made some small talk while driving. She had a wonderful evening but I think she wanted to leave early because I could have come to pick her up later. But anyway here we were now and approaching her house. I found a parking space near her house, and we stepped out and went inside, up four stairs and then entered the house.

"Thanks once again for takin me home." she said and gave me a hug and kissed me again. We stood there holding each kiss for a minute or so. She then said, "Come in, I need to take a five minute rest, and join me in bed so you can hold me and we'll talk some more. Ok."

That sounded good so I joined her on the bed. I was lying behind her back, and squeeze her and kissed her on the cheek. I couldn't hold my hands still so she let me investigate her body with them – over her clothes, of course.

She was wearing a long dress that showed her legs. After I gave her breasts a light massage, she moaned and said, "Easy lover, easy, the night is still young." I then took my right hand and put under her dress trying reach her panties and tried draw them down a bit, but I then realized there were none.

"Hey lover, when I was in the

bathroom, I took my panties off so I could be ready for you." she said.

I began to draw her dress up and over her head, and she was laying there in only her bra which she got rid of quickly. I then removed my clothes and we finally both lay there naked. She moved down and began suck and lick my dick as she let me lay on my back.

It was awesome, the feel of her lips around my hard dick. Just when it felt the best, she stopped sucking

my dick and jumped on me letting my dick spear her while she was sitting on me. She began to ride me like a horse. I tried to hold my own against her. Then I turned her over so she landed on her back.

I jumped on her and penetrated her again in the missionary. I was pumping her, drilling her like a steam locomotive. She began moan and scream. Slowly, I pull out and lay beside her, feeling I needed a short rest. But there was none. She grabbed something on the night stand – a tube of some sort. She took

it in her hand and began to put it on my dick. Wow, I thought, she's going to let me fuck her in the ass. Yes, she did lubricate my dick and when she massaged my dick, she said, "I want you to fuck my ass."

Yes!!! My dick felt even harder so I rammed it in. "Come on, I need a good hard fuck back there. Think you can do it?" she moaned.

A challenge, I thought. I gave it my all to satisfy her carnality. I finally came in her ass. Then my dick got so small that it plopped out from her ass.

"I'm full back there. Help me." she screamed. "I can't hold it back." she said. Before I could do anything, it just happened. She got up on all four with her ass pressed against me. Then it all happened, it came like a cascade out of her asshole. My full load, it all landed in front of me as I was on my knees behind her holding her hips.

I felt something warm on my lap that came out of her that before had cum out of my dick. "Whoops!" she said when all was over and we both



laughed. We began to kiss again and soon my dick was ready again. We fucked like two crazy teenagers. "Thanks Justin, for bringing me home." she cooed. We couldn't have made this if you not picked me up." she said.

– Justin B., Nashville, Tenn

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Upon finding that they were going to be alone for a couple hours, Jana and Georgia knew they had to take advantage of the seclusion. Quickly stripping down to their birthday suits, they got to work kissing, licking and sucking all over each other. Soon tongues and finger gave way to a bright red rubber dong that was fun to play with.































































